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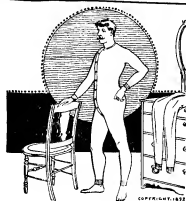
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# QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

VOL. XXV.

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No. 2.

## Queen's University Journal.

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All communications of a business nature should be ad-  
dressed to the Business Manager.

**N**OW that the first issue for '97-'98 has been sent on its way to rejoice the hearts of freshmen and alumni, it is the fitting period for the Editor-in-chief to appear and secure the honor of managing the staff. Perhaps the best plan to secure the good work of the various members was the initial step, viz., that the editor should keep in the dark until, by compulsion of circumstances, every man took up his allotted task. The first number shows at any rate that none have been idle. All necessary excuses have been made already for the editor's late arrival, except his own. We might explain by saying that your humble servant spent the summer on the western prairie, and found the remark quite true that "nothing moves in Manitoba till the wheat crop begins to move." Another consideration was that we were already, at that point, half way to the Klondyke and were open to all the enticements drawing one to that ice-bound Golconda. However we resolved upon serious consideration to let others dig ice and thaw sand if by so doing they pleased themselves, while we should be content with ordinary stamped paper and the much-abused silver. We are all here now anyhow, except two members of the staff whose places are being well-filled by assistants. We promise our

readers a good JOURNAL for '97-'98, for though most of the staff are greenhorns in journalism, their fighting powers have been only too well made known in the past, and we believe they will be just as ready to fight failure in any line. Our news columns should be well-filled, for we have had our correspondents not only at the Diamond Jubilee, and travelling in Scotland, Germany, and the Southern States, but we have a representative even in Klondyke. From all these we expect to hear during the term, as well as from old friends who have so kindly contributed articles on literary and other subjects heretofore. This, for material from outside sources; and within the University we depend upon the patriotism of every student who finds a scrap of news or a bit of humour to see that it makes its way to our columns. Freshmen and even Sophomores we would advise to peruse the JOURNAL with exceeding great care, for though a man may construe Latin to please a Fletcher, or read Greek without a wrinkle on his brow, yet if he know not the JOURNAL, the Calendar, and the Bill-board he is of all men most miserable, and may at any time be thought worthy of chains or of death by the venerable Concursus.

The remarks made by the Principal on Monday evening concerning the loss sustained in the death of John Cormack will be felt by all to be exceedingly appropriate. John was held in the highest esteem by every student of the University, not only because of his dignified bearing and his willingness to make himself helpful everywhere, but because of his strong patriotism to Queen's and his knowledge of all that had occurred within her halls for so many years. He was second only to Dr. Bell in information relating to any point in her past history, and was never happier than when engaged with one of the fellows in a good long talk over the incidents of college life 25 or 30 years ago. We shall miss both these men sadly for they seemed to have grown up with the University and to have known its life only as they could who had made it their home for many years. We hope and believe however that the men who have taken their places will always exhibit the

patriotism and the true, gentlemanly courtesy that characterized their predecessors.

We see from the bill-board that some steps have been taken by the Athletic Committee to determine the year-standing of sundry football players. The move was necessary if there was to be any justice in the inter-year matches. Whether the decisions arrived at by the committee are the wisest possible remains to be seen. It seems certainly rather ludicrous to see men of sixth or seventh year standing in the university playing as sophomores or juniors. And it hardly seems any fairer that men who have put in seven or eight years on the football campus and who are now post graduates or ex-graduates should play with the final year. The simplest way out of the difficulty would be to let every man play according to the year of his attendance at the University whether in Arts, Medicine or Divinity. It is rather absurd to say the least that men like Ross or Hunter should play as men of fourth year standing. There is now a large number of men in attendance at the University beyond fourth year standing. Why not let these form a team of their own instead of giving their strength unjustly to one of the contending years.

#### COMMUNICATION.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—What can be done to keep our class rooms supplied with fresh air during lectures? Opened windows during the progress of lectures result in deadly draughts. Opened doors means disturbance to the class. The present system mean that the pure air that is *sometimes* admitted at the beginning of the lecture is soon vitiated. Ventilators there are, to be sure, but they are either out of kilter, or quite inadequate. As it is, they are of little use for producing fresh air—whatever purpose they may serve by way of ornament. Last year your paper drew attention to the necessity for a "fresh air fund" for the college, but so far its timely suggestion has gone unheeded. We leave it to the champions of the theory of A Pre-arranged Harmony to give even one little reason for students being compelled, while taking lectures, to draw into their "inwards" a mixture which is a little too thin to swallow, a little too thick to breathe, and yet not solid enough to chew; but most meekly and respectfully ask "the powers that be" to give us fresh air.

Sincerely yours, M.A.

Queen's College, Oct. 30th, 1897.

Dr. Robert Bell, of the Dominion Geological Survey, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London. Dr. Bell is an ex-Professor of Queen's, and an LL.D. of 1883.

## Contributions and Addresses.

### INAUGURAL ADDRESS BY REV. J. CARRUTHERS.

**P**ERHAPS it is unnecessary for me to say, for we are all well aware of the fact, that there is no class so soundly rated concerning the performance of their public duties as ministers of the Gospel, yet so it is. Sometimes we are told that our tones belong to the order of the blind mendicants, while at other times we are informed that if we were addressing a large public meeting, instead of a church congregation, we would not be tolerated five minutes. To most men that touches to the quick. No man that is worth anything wants to be taken for anything else than what he is. To be tolerated simply because of his filling a certain office galls most of us.

"Ministers, as a rule," one says, "are well-educated, well informed, men, yet to hear them read and speak you would not for a moment think they had ever heard that 'the whole empire is from time to time under the influence of public speakers.' They seem never to have grasped the idea of the power of speech, nobody seems to have told them, and as a consequence of their total ignorance in this matter they read and speak as if they had never attended a common school."

Many suggestions have been offered to remedy the difficulty; I confine myself to one and consequently have selected as my subject, "The Uses of Imagination in the Performance of Our Pulpit Work."

Men who have undertaken the ministry in a serious manner do not speak in the pulpit for the mere sake of speaking, but to move, to convert, and to save souls. Preaching is a function which has been needful in some form in every age. There is no change likely to seriously affect the ordinance of preaching because it is based on a fundamental fact in human nature, the influence of one human soul upon another. It need not therefore be feared that the preacher will soon find his occupation gone, even in these days of the powerful press. The press never can be the rival of the true pulpit. As the personality of the man can never be printed, as the magical influence of voice and action can never be put upon the printed page, as the flashing of the eye, the energy, the life of the speaker can never be transferred to paper, therefore must speech always be superior to the press.

The object of preaching is still "Godly edifying which is in faith," it is to "reprove, rebuke and exhort." The preacher has indeed to teach, but in our day there are so many other agencies for this purpose, we can reserve ourselves for that other field where we have no rivals, viz., the simple

delivery of the Gospel message. He has to deliver the old message but in a way that it shall come with new force and power to those who hear it. It is his task to present not religious truths in the abstract or uninteresting form, but to present them touched with emotion, winged with the energy and power and the dynamic force of the preacher's own mind and soul, so that they may strike other souls, and impress them, and influence them, and finally win them to good. His work is not so much to impart knowledge as to make more vivid what is already known, and to transmute knowledge into life. What faculty, then, of mind and heart are we to cultivate? There is one that has been long kept in the background because it was supposed to work against truthful preaching rather than in its favor, but which of late has been receiving more attention than formerly, viz., imagination. As Prof. Blackie says, "I much fear neither teachers nor scholars are sufficiently impressed with the importance of the proper training of the imagination. Some there are who despise it altogether as having to do with fiction rather than with fact, and of no value to the severe student who wishes to acquire exact knowledge. But that is not the case. Count yourself not to know a fact when you know it took place but then only when you see it as it did take place!"

Imagination may be defined as "A mind of passion, the thinking of the heart." It is the faculty of the mind which sees, mirrors, retains and combines the ideal images furnished by reflection and memory, that shines upon the cold and unwilling intellect, pierces its logic, warms its powers and enables it to see truth in all her radiant forms. It is the imagination which lends greatness or meanness, beauty or deformity to life. It sees God in the single flower, or hears Him in the sullen roar of the tempest. Beneath its sway one pulpit becomes a Sinai, a Bethel, a Mount of Transfiguration, an Isle of Patmos, with kindling and glowing skies, apocalyptic visions radiant and sweet. Without it another pulpit is as desolate as a theatre when the lights are out, the players and the music hushed. It makes a parable, frames an allegory, clothes the bones of the valley with sinew and flesh, and repopulates the plain with living men, touches the old time with the sympathy of the loving heart, and the patriarchs, prophets, apostles and fathers live again.

And now some practical uses of imagination. One of the most important functions of imagination is its power to supply the natural surroundings of an object, action, or conception. The power to conceive a situation is the chief characteristic of a natural, effective preacher. This situation or background must be intuitively and instinctively conceived; it cannot be reasoned out, it cannot be

produced by mechanical adjustment; it must come from imaginative intuition. One of the most common violations of this function is found in the public reading of the Scriptures. If the minister does what he professes to do—read the Word of God—he must in every way endeavor to be accurate. He must consult authorities, and above all, judge for himself, from internal evidence, what was the real situation; but when he comes to read he must give his imagination some freedom. All this requires long and patient study. But that is our work, it is our duty, yea, it ought to be considered a pleasure. The great trouble to-day is that because a man knows he can read words, he thinks he has done everything. He has done nothing at all until he has allowed his imagination to carry him back to the position of the writer, and from out of the midst of that conceived situation reads.

Another use of imagination is to give a point of view. Whatever is seen by man is perceived from some point of view. Power to change point of view, to appreciate or to understand the attitude of the other man, lies at the foundation of all appreciation of truth. A fruitful source of narrowness in character and monotony and artificiality in expression is oneness or limitation of point of view. To understand the simplest object requires that it shall be seen from different directions and in varied relations.

But to turn from the reading of the Scriptures to the delivery of the sermon. Too often we settle down to what seems a truism, that the reason why so little interest is taken in the discourse arises from the sinful nature of men. That may be true, but before we undertake to make an attack upon them it will be as well to look after our own defences, else we may fall before the first assault. I know that the spirit of the age is enthusiastic in almost everything else, but is comparatively cold in religion. But at the same time is it not a fact that most sermons are manufactured to order? At all events they are not fabricated "in fire." They do not issue glowing and sparkling from the living furnace within. They not only smell of the lamp, but they bear obvious marks of the hammer and chisel. Their power is mechanical and earthly, not vital and divine. Too often a large portion of them are formed of the most commonplace materials collected here and there from old piles of mental rubbish. It may be said of them as it was said of the poems of a certain author, that "they are very pious and very poor." Orthodox enough, perhaps, but like the bones seen by Ezekiel in the valley of vision, very dry. What we need along with God in us to awaken in the soul higher conceptions, purer instincts and loftier aspirations, is the power of im-

agination to grasp the situation. In preaching, if we are to have the situation that rouses and stimulates the imagination, we must have, to the largest extent, grand sympathy with men. If you have love for God and man and use your imagination you can touch every side of the human heart and its wants; that is if you can touch it at all. A minister who has only pure intellect to offer his people is like one who would in winter drag a plow over the frozen ground; he marks it but does not furrow it. He that is to make the seed of truth grow in living men, into living forms, must have the power to bring the summer into their hearts—light and heat, and then culture.

To sum up. Suppose a true minister of Jesus Christ meditates on the true worth of a single soul, and its almost infinite capacity of happiness or misery, and then thinks of the priceless blessings, both in this life and that which is to come, which Christ bestows on all who come to Him; thinks of the appalling guilt and everlasting misery with which men load themselves by rejecting the great salvation, and above all of the all-constraining love which Jesus manifested by giving his life as a ransom for lost souls. Now, if after thus meditating he comes on a Sabbath day, or any other day, and beholding a hundred of such souls waiting to hear what he has to say, if he be destitute of all emotion, imagination and feeling, he should be honest enough to dismiss the congregation, and tell them that he was never called to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to perishing sinners.

Alas! there is too much of the counting house atmosphere about our churches. Too often we go to work at a task and we miss the mastery that comes from the delight of doing our work. Oh, for a breath of healthful imagination in some of our churches, that our young men might see visions and our old men dream dreams, and every man perform his public duties in the full light of the great day. We are called to a noble crusade against the sin and misery of this world, and such a crusade, whilst it needs to be directed by practical knowledge, needs also to be conducted in a lofty spirit. Believe me

"It takes a high-souled man  
To move the masses to a cleaner sty;  
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off  
The dust of the actual."

#### THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

You, sir, of the JOURNAL, asked me for an article on the Jubilee. Do you realize what that means to your readers who have poured over masses of news till they are better acquainted with the happenings of June 22nd last than those persons who were in London?

Yet if happily I may reserve the point of view and take you for a short distance along between the lines of bayonets and have you there glance about you as we pass, this may be a novelty to you.

At five of the clock on the morning of June 22nd Chelsea Barracks, the quarters of the Colonial troops, was already astir. Men who had worked to a late hour the night before were again burnishing up cold steel, which seemingly could never be made to take on a satisfactory glitter, even though now it rivalled the polish of a mirror. At the hour of six we breakfasted; shortly after this the parade of Colonial troops were marshalled on the barrack square, and at 7 a.m. marched out to the Victoria Embankment, where we were inspected by Lord Roberts. This was merely a brisk constitutional to wake the troops and get them ready for marching; also to let a few of the Londoners who could not secure places along the route have a glance at Her Majesty's vari-coloured troops ere they reported for duty at Buckingham Palace. Nor was this the only spectacle of the early morning. During the day previous and through the night battalions had been pouring their thousands in upon London. These now came out from their resting places of the night and during the hours of waiting in the early part of the day the people were kept busy viewing the marching and counter-marching of these troops as they distributed themselves along the streets to keep the route of the procession clear, or went to their posts as guards of honour. There being in all some 50,000 troops employed, including all branches of the service, it may readily be understood that even London, mistress of cities though she is, had her pulse quickened with the spirit of the day as those sons of the empire, with measured tread, colors flying and drums beating, swept slowly to their posts.

After "sniffin' the mornin' cool" for a short time on the banks of the Thames, the Colonial contingent was marched round and up to Buckingham Palace. The cavalry were in the van, followed by the artillery, the Colonial Imperial infantry, the Colonial infantry battalion, composed of five companies, number one of which was the Canadian company, and the rear was brought up by a detachment of Canadian Mounted Police.

Swinging past the Palace, along Constitution Hill to the "Arch," the first of the actual contact with the day's ceremonies began. Hundreds of school children lined the stands erected under the shade of the park trees and there waited to peal forth the National Anthem when the royal carriage appeared. These youngsters, just bubbling over with glee, waved their handkerchiefs and cheered lustily as the troops passed. Especially delighted were they with the Royal Niger and the Gold Coast Haussas, Africans

alongside whose gleaming faces patent leather lost its lustre and ebony turned grey.

Passing through the "Arch" and rounding out by Hyde Park corner into Piccadilly was like passing from the calm of a harbor into the expanse of a tempestuous sea. Here was the voice of the people in very surty! Ahead lay the line of march, marked out by grenadier bearskins, and running like one long wide canal between the sea of heads which on one side reached to the walls of the houses and on the other, at this particular place, rose into Green Park. These thousands of throats blended into one ceaseless roar, never beginning, never ending, rising and falling, deep and thunderous as Niagara. The effect was electrifying. Like Private Mulvaney before his wedding, we felt that we were treading on clouds. Thick uniforms and heavy accoutrements grew light, the sun scorched less fiercely, and the rhythmic beat of the feet was more elastic. As we moved along thus in a channel cut, seemingly, head deep in a pavement of upturned faces, faces which formed a mosaic from the grenadiers' bayonets to the walls beyond, and thence tier upon tier amid rich festoons to the roof, the sensations which responded in us to the welcome of these people were all-pervading—overpowering.

With the Colonial battalion were three bands, representative of England, Ireland and Scotland. Some few paces ahead of the Canadian company the pipes of the London Scottish were sounding, whilst the same distance behind came an Irish military band; but during the march to St. Paul's the only sound heard above the general acclamation was a sometimes boom of the drums. The cadence was maintained by noting the feet of a detachment of the Hong Kong regiment ahead.

Of decorations the choicest was undoubtedly that of St. James street. Turning from Piccadilly into St. James, the latter descends gracefully to Pall Mall, thus rendering the perspective doubly attractive. The first impression after the quick turn which unveiled the street was akin to awe. Immediately followed suggestions of "Once upon a time," and flooding back into memory came the delights of the "Arabian Nights." Had we stepped upon a magic carpet the transformation could not have been more complete and beautiful. Down either side were Venetian masts set closely together and decked with natural flowers; festoons of the same drooped between and swung above the street so closely together as to form a garland covering. The high stands, reaching to the roof on either side, were gleaming with rich draperies and decked with flowers. The whole vista seemed one charming fairy bower.

The remainder of the march from here to the

Cathedral was merely a repetition, save only that the decorative art displayed was nowhere quite so perfect as in St. James street.

Sometimes above the roar we could distinguish the shout of "Canada," to which the multitude responded with a more vehement effort as the Canadian infantry and "spiders" passed.

Occasionally a grenadier or militiaman lining the streets would let go his rifle, toss up his hands and drop back inert and limp on the curbstone, exhausted by the continued beating of the sun's hot rays. Not a soldier moved from his post. The ambulance attendants, ever alert, lifted the fallen man, another took his place in the ranks, and before one was quite aware what had happened all was as it had been before.

Finally the churchyard of St. Paul's was reached. Swinging by sections, to right and left, the column turned up round the sidewalks on either side and halted to await the arrival of the Queen. Ranks were changed, rifle butts came to the pavement with a sharp click, and everyone was thankful to have a short time to stand easy and wipe away the perspiration which had been oozing from our faces.

To protect the feet of the horses the pavement all along the route was covered with sand. This with the constant tramping rose in little clouds and floated into our nostrils and coated our throats, which were already parched from several hours marching in the hot sun. The excitement, however, had prevented our noticing this, but immediately a halt was ordered we found that each man in the company was possessed of a genuine Anglo-Saxon thirst, and to satisfy this the cool drinks which were handed out from the windows were soon disappearing into steaming, sand-plated throats. A few of the "rifles" were fortunate enough to get some of this nectar; but, whilst those most in need were being served, the greater number of us stood idly looking on, hoping, in vain alas, that the supply would be sufficient for all. At other places fortune was more favorable. Canada's mounted troops were posted in front of a club, where the ladies passed out champagne till all were served, and their generosity being still unbounded they must needs have the men "water" their horses with champagne. At times bottles of lemonade and other drinks were lowered from above with a string, which latter being often too short bayonets were brought to secure the prize, and an expanse of outstretched hands prevented such a disaster as the breaking of the bottle on the pavement. The severed cord was immediately drawn up to receive new freight, and so the fun went merrily on.

In the midst of it all the troops were called to attention and Capt. Ames and four troopers of the

Second Life Guards passed. The first sight of Old England's bluejackets was disappointing; the men seemed to be small. But as they drew near and the massive brawn, broad chests and bronzed faces were more closely seen, disappointment gave place to enthusiastic admiration and one instinctively felt that England's bulwarks were solid still. These men tugged after them wicked looking modern field pieces and the Hearts of Oak are evidently the British people's pride as theirs was a triumphal progress, so warmly were they received.

Succeeding came alternate squadrons of Life Guards, Dragoon Guards and Royal Horse artillery, each division (if you will permit the expression) being headed by a group of three bands. Here let me whisper to you a secret: it was new to me and will, I know, be so to you. The most important man in a British mounted corps is the drummer! Clad in a most gorgeous uniform this musician with his drumsticks cuts intricate and fantastic figures through the air with seeming ease though always managing to strike his drums at the proper time. He is all motions and flying circles indeed. "E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree," nothing less. The horse, equally gay in trappings, the drummer guides by reins which fasten to the toes of his boots. On a silken cloth floating from the saddle is scrolled a list of the engagements in which the corps has participated. Without its drummer a battalion of Guards might as well go out of the business. Fact is that one never sees the first half of the regiment anyway because he is never done admiring the flying sticks and arms of the drummer till half the corps is past.

The way these imperial troops were received was a surprise to us, yet the reason is apparent. This people who would go wild over a section of tawny turbaned Sikhs or scalp-tufted Dyaks with teeth filled with pin heads, looking on almost silently whilst the flower of the British army swept by. The home troops with their scarlet and gold could be seen at any time; the "Colonials" with their strange uniforms and stranger faces were a novelty, and representing the outlying limbs of the Empire, they were an education as well as a circus.

We gazed upon these troops filing by till our heads were filled with dancing plumes and shining breast-plates. A change was welcome and came in the form of a large group of the most distinguished English military officers. Next a seemingly endless line of carriages and landaus containing many royal princesses and other notables. Following these came the escort from the regular Indian army representing one of the finest cavalry forces in the world. These men wore the native turban and sat their horses like centaurs. After Lord Wolseley

was recognized it was noticed that those in the balconies began to lean forward and the ladies fluttered their dainty bits of cambric more vigorously. At the same time a signal was passed down the ranks and we knew that a critical moment had come. The Commander-in-Chief rode immediately in front of the royal carriage. Rifles in the hands of men from all parts of the Empire were now brought smartly to the salute; motionless all waited for the equipage to pass.

The now famous eight cream horses, with their massive gold trappings and gold bedecked equeuries moved slowly by. Turning her face towards the Canadians, a slight inclination of the head, a smile, and the British Queen and Empress had recognized the salute of "Our Lady of the Snows."

Looking upon her for the first time we beheld a loveable, motherly face, whose lines, suggestive as they were of but a slight hold on this life, instinctively caused a sympathetic chord to vibrate in the observer. One's admiration was claimed not so much by her royalty as by a deeper and more subtle influence of personality.

England showed its estimate of a wise and virtuous monarch, for surely there must be a rift in the vault of heaven where that shout ascended.

The royal carriage drew up in front of the Cathedral and the *Te Deum* was sung and the Archbishop of Canterbury conducted a short service and pronounced the benediction.

The vast concourse about the churchyard joined in singing the National Anthem, and after three cheers the procession continued on its way, the Colonial troops taking their place behind the royal carriage.

Returning to Buckingham Palace the parade was dismissed and the men returned to barracks.

J. D. CANNON.

## University News.

### ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

IT is gratifying to notice that the attendance at the A.M.S., which has been very small this term, is increasing, and that there is a growing interest in its business. At the meeting on Oct. 30th the Association Football team was, on recommendation of the Athletic Committee, formally received into membership into the A.M.S., subject to the Athletic Committee, upon the same conditions as the other athletic clubs. The appointment of the following as officers for this year was confirmed:—Hon. Pres., N. R. Carmichael, M.A.; Pres., W. A. Grange; Vice-Pres., A. S. Morrison; Sec'y-Treas., M. Henderson; Capt., T. Kennedy; Committee, J. F. Millar, J. F. Harvey, G. A. Edmiston.



A Committee was appointed to choose leaders for the Mock Parliament, and notice was given that at the next regular meeting a committee would be appointed to enquire into the possibility of holding a conversazione.

Mr. M. A. Griffith, Secretary of the Society, tendered his resignation of that office, which was accepted, and Mr. J. W. Marshall was elected Secretary for the balance of the year.

On Saturday, Nov. 6th, the report of the Business Manager of the JOURNAL was presented by Mr. Burton. It pointed out that for various reasons the staff had not received either the literary or financial support from intra-mural students which had been given in previous years; that although more intra-mural students were registered in 1896-97 than in 1895-96, yet there were about seventy fewer subscriptions than in that session. However they were able to report a balance on hand of \$34.91, a sum but little short of last year's balance. It is to be hoped that the mere mention of last year's failings may receive the old time interest in our college paper.

On the recommendation of the committee appointed to choose leaders for the Mock Parliament, Mr. J. S. Shortt, M.A., was appointed leader of the Government, and Rev. A. W. Richardson, B.A., of the Opposition. A committee was appointed to consider the possibility of holding a conversazione, with instructions to report at the next meeting of this society.

A resolution was passed expressing the deepest sympathy with Miss E. C. Murray in the loss she has sustained in the death of her mother.

The following resolution was also passed:—"That the Alma Mater Society has heard with regret of the death of Mr. John Cormack, who was for thirty-five years the Janitor of Queen's; and that it now place on record its high appreciation of the faithful manner in which he served the University. That a copy of this resolution be sent to Dr. J. H. Cormack, Ottawa."

#### THE FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION.

The return of the autumn term brings with it the annual freshmen's reception, which has become an almost essential feature of our life at Queen's. Although it is tendered by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., it is gratifying to note that nearly all the students, whether immediately identified with these associations or not, use their best endeavors to contribute to the success of the reception and give a warm welcome to the newly-arrived class. That given on the evening of Oct. 29th to the class of 1901 was no exception to the rule, for the earnest

co-operation of all resulted in a most enjoyable evening's entertainment and social intercourse.

The new students were received by Mrs. Shortt, Mrs. Goodwin, and Mrs. Glover, and adorned with the boquet, the badge of their freshmanhood, a badge which effectually prevented their indulging in any quiet meditation during the evening, for no sooner were they observed to be alone and lost in thought than some well-meaning student of greater experience made it his business to provide them with company. As a rule the members of 1901 did not seem to mind having their meditations thus disturbed, but yielded to the inevitable with resignation, some of them even with alacrity.

President Fraser, of the Y. M. C. A., gave a brief address of welcome, after which the following programme was rendered:—Piano solo, Miss Tandy; song, Mr. J. S. Macdonnell; piano solo, Miss Gober; recitation, Mr. J. S. Ferguson; piano solo, Miss Singleton; song, Mr. W. A. Lavell; selection, Orchestra; song, Miss Bailey. The college associations owe a debt of gratitude to those who, although not connected with the University, freely gave their services to assist with the entertainment. The orchestra of the 14th Batt. furnished music for the remainder of the evening. Conversation and attention to the refreshments, which were provided on the upper flat, occupied the time till shortly after eleven o'clock, when the reception came to an end. Some observant ones say, however, that at a much later hour they saw some weary freshmen still anxiously seeking their boarding-houses.

#### SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESSES.

On Sunday, 31st Oct., Professor Shortt gave an address on the subject "Nationality."

In the first part of the address the lecturer spoke in high praise of the Anglo-Saxon capacity of self-criticism that had been one of the most powerful causes of the progress of the British nation. The American nation for a long time lacked most markedly this characteristic, but in these days we see it developing rapidly amongst her best citizens. We as Canadians have not yet advanced so far. We are too apt to pride ourselves merely in our material resources and to be content with this. We need as a nation more than anything else, self criticism. In order to this one thing is necessary, viz., accuracy, not mechanical accuracy, but spiritual, large-minded accuracy. Prof. Shortt then outlined the growth of national life in its different forms, showing how gradually the narrow bounds of the tribe had been transcended in a higher form of society. In later times we see how the feudal units were coalesced at last into one nationality. It has been reserved to

our own day to go farther and break down even the national barriers.

The question is how to get beyond the barriers of modern nationality without destroying them. If we can conceive of a higher unit than the nation we can unite all these different nations in one. The common idea that will give us such a basis is the search for all the higher principles of civilization. We are apt to boast of our close relation to England as part of the mighty British nation. We are proud of our union, and in its strength sometimes despise our brethren across the border. But in this respect they have surpassed us as Canadians. In economic literary and scientific lines their connection with England is closer than our own, and that just because they have developed to a greater extent than we that most important principle without which progress is impossible—self-criticism.

I am for that kind of Imperial federation which consists in a united search for the highest principles of civilization.

On Sunday, Oct. 7th, the Principal gave the first part of an address on "The Signs of the Times," to be completed later on.

## Sports.

### FOOTBALL.

#### Varsity vs. Queen's.

**A**LTHOUGH Queen's went down before Osgoode in the semi-finals of the Ontario Rugby Football League, she succeeded on Oct. 30th in defeating 'Varsity, her old-time football rival, and last year's champions of Ontario. Before the match 'Varsity men were confident that they would easily win, but Queen's has always been an unknown quantity, and especially has it been in evidence this year that when Queen's has been hardest pushed and expected defeat she has been able to pull herself together and pluckily hold her own against the strongest football aggregations in Ontario.

Queen's team was not supposed to be up to her best form, but with very little difficulty was able to outplay her opponents in nearly every phase of the game. When the ball was kicked off it was sent down immediately into 'Varsity's territory, and during the first half remained there most of the time. Queen's back division ran and punted beautifully, giving the 'Varsity backs lots of hard work to do. Hobbs, the 'Varsity quarter, found it difficult to get the ball out, Queen's wings breaking through continually and collaring him with the ball. After about twenty minutes' play McConville went around the end for a touch, Metcalfe converted and Queen's had a lead of six points. Just before half time Burnside followed up a long kick and succeeded in scoring a touch, although tackled by McConville

just on the line. 'Varsity failed to convert and score at half-time stood 6 to 4 in favour of Queen's.

In the second half on a rouse kicked back by Boyd 'Varsity scored one point. By a nice clean play Faulkner went over for a touch from a scrimmage almost on 'Varsity's line, leaving the score at time 10 to 5 in Queen's favour.

Curtis at half was as brilliant as of old and continually broke through and tackled 'Varsity's halves before they could run or kick.

The opposing teams lined up as follows:

<i>'Varsity.</i>		<i>Queen's.</i>	
Morrison.....	full backs.....	McDonald	
Barron.....		McConville	
Boyd.....	halves.....	Elliott	
Hills.....		Curtis	
Hobbs (Capt.).....	quarter.....	Nimmo	
Gibson.....		Paul	
Sanderson.....	scrimmage.....	Mohr	
Gilpin.....		Harris	
McKenzie.....		Gordon	
Hare.....		Devitt	
Burnside.....		Ferguson	
Hunt.....	wings.....	Shaw	
Harris.....		Metcalfe	
Douglas.....		Faulkner	
Blackwood.....		Ross (Capt.)	

Dr. Clarke acted as referee, and W. Moffat as umpire.

In the evening the Queen's team entertained their visitors at an informal dinner at the British American. About fifty were present, including the 'Varsity team and a few supporters, Mr. Sherwood of the Military College, and Dr. Clarke and Mr. Dalton of the Granites. The President of the Alma Mater Society performed the duties of toast-master in his usual graceful manner.

Naturally the theme of the evening was the proposed formation of an inter-collegiate football union. It was introduced by Manager Inkster of the 'Varsity team in the speech of the evening, and was endorsed by all who followed him. It was pointed out that an inter-collegiate league would be free from all disputes about the composition of the teams. None but students would be eligible, and consequently all questions of eligibility of players would be referred to the faculties of the universities, whose decisions would be above suspicion. The students of the different universities have a great deal in common and more frequent meetings in athletic contests should increase the friendliness of such contests. College teams are free from the temptations which beset city teams backed by individuals; and, if education is worth anything, teams composed of students should be able to raise the game to a higher standard than teams whose membership is unrestricted. These were some of the arguments urged by various speakers, and Mr. Parker's announcement that Mr. Inkster and he had decided to invite the other colleges to send representatives to a meeting in Kingston to discuss the matter was received with enthusiasm.

Altogether the dinner was pronounced a success.

'98 vs. '99.

That the good things of this life are not always evenly divided was amply illustrated in the game between the seniors and juniors. '99 seemed to have almost a monopoly of first-team men. The few positions not held by men of this class were easily filled by promising youngsters from the intermediate team, the whole forming as strong a combination as that which defeated Osgood 1. 5—1. '98 was not so fortunate. Almost half the men on their forward line had never before played in a match. Then McConville, who has played with '98 for three years, was suddenly possessed with a desire to play with '99, thus weakening the senior back division and putting them under the necessity of playing with fourteen men. The juniors played with the full number, fifteen. The teams were:

'98—Back, Orser; halves, Merrill, G. Edmison; quarter, Dalton; scrumage, Paul, Tynor, Collier; wings, Ferguson, R. Hunter, Fraser, Munro, McDonnell, Scott, Reid.

'99—Back, Millar; halves, Shaw, Elliott, McConville; quarter, Faulkner; wings, Richardson, Metcalfe, H. Hunter, Snyder, Kennedy, Solandt, Goodwill. Referee, Alick Morrison; umpire, Tupper McDonald.

The '99 wings broke through repeatedly and Dalton was prevented from doing effective work. Merrill got little to do, but did that little well. After twelve minutes close play McConville got over the line and was given a touch without a try. After the kick out from the 25 line '98 pressed their opponents hard, but fail to score. At half time, score 4—0.

When play was resumed the game was very rugged, the scrumage doing poor work. However, it was only after ten minutes hard play that Shaw, getting the ball from quarter, made a dashing run and scored a try. Elliott failed to convert it. Score 8—0. After five minutes play Orser was forced to rouge. This finished the scoring. Score 9—0.

Millar played a sparkling game at full.

The scrumage was rotten, the referee rattled.

'00 vs. '01.

The game is over and I am proud of our year. I keep thinking and thinking what good players we will be when we get to know the game a little better. Why they licked us only 13 to 10, and what is more I feel sure that referee Shaw gave them ten points, because everybody was yelling "Rotten referee!" We would likely have been away ahead only for that. Hurrah for "noughty-one!" Metcalfe tried to do right, I think, for he told our fellows to keep on side. You know that means to catch your man—check they call him—and throw him down and lie on him, on his side if you can, or if you can't do that, sit on his head. That's what Dave Gordon

told me it means, and I trust him, for he looks to be square.

But it was an awful rough game. My check was the biggest man in the semaphore year, (that is the real name for the "noughty noughts," somebody told me) and I couldn't keep him on side, and I don't think he was off my side once all through the game.

As soon as the whistle blew the game began, and I ran at my check, but he stepped over me and got the ball. McKinnon kicked the ball and it went near where Huston was standing. He picked it up and kicked it away off the field. In a little while a fellow they call Tupper got the ball and ran a mile nearly before one of our boys tripped him. Wasn't I glad to see him fall, but he wouldn't let the ball go. He just lay on it and yelled out something that sounded like a bad word to me. Of course all the boys were lying on top of him. I found out afterwards that it was "Held" he said.

Then they got the ball again and Hiscock ran and fell down on it behind the line and everybody took off their hats and made a fearful noise, and I heard Shaw say "a touch." They carried the ball out and Burton tried to kick it through the goal, but it went over the bar ever so high, still everybody said "six—nothing." Soon Burton made a touch and tried to kick a goal, but it went away to one side. Score, ten, nothing against us. Huston gave them two more what they call "rouges." I don't know why he did it, I'm sure, and Shaw gave them all the rest. That does not say much for them. Twelve-nothing against us at half-time.

We changed sides and Richardson soon made a touch for us, but they let us count only four. Twelve-four. Now we worked hard. Soon little Douglas Gray saw a hole in the line, and he put the ball under his arm and slid right through and made a touch. It was almost dark, but Richardson kicked it all right and that made us ten. We didn't score any more.

The "noughty-noughts" are gentlemen, and I think we all played a good game. I heard the senior boys praising Harris and McKinnon, Moore, Branscombe, Gray, Williams, Russell, McDonald, Middlemas and Richardson, but I didn't hear a word of praise about myself, although I think I played a better game than any of the fellows.

One thing I don't like and that is calling boys, yes and boys who look like gentlemen, bad names. There is one nice-looking fellow there they call "Beeswax," and he looks neither soft nor sticky. I wonder if his father keeps bees on the farm. "Christmas" is another bad name. Well, I must close. Twelve-ten isn't bad, and just wait till we play the seniors.

## Poetry.

## THE MIDNIGHT WISH OF A VERY CLASSICAL STUDENT.

O H! had we some bright little isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,  
Where no one Latinity ever had learned,  
Nor pages of Cicero wearily turned,  
Where the Satires and Odes  
Had never been found,  
But had gone to the abodes  
Deep under the ground.

Where delivered from Horace and Virgil we'd live,  
And taste the best joys that sweet freedom can give.

Oh! what would be there, the bliss of our lot,  
If with Homer at Troy our last battle had fought;  
Nor cared if Prometheus had e'er been unbound,  
Or Telemachus his father ever had found;

Where Aristophanes clouds  
Never mystified brains,  
Nor the plague stricken crowds  
Who suffered such pains,

(As Thucydides in his history relates)  
Scarce worse than the pains of him who translates.

Oh! what dreams of delight and of freedom from woes,  
If we never again should have to do prose.

Nor narration direct to indirect turn,  
Nor uses of *clam* and *primum* learn;

If consecutive *qui*,  
And *qui* final as well,  
And the clauses in *si*,

Whose face no one can tell,  
Should never invade to taint or defile  
With their dead musty rules our bright little isle.

Oh! is there a student so fond as to sigh  
At the loss of expressing emotion with *ei*,  
Or of telling the uses of *hoc* and *homo*,  
As they're found in the pages of Sidgewick's Greek Prose;

Of *on me* and *me on*,  
And that miserable *an*,  
*Hoios, hoios, ho-on*,  
*Epeide* and *hotan*!

No! no! but with rapturous burst of delight  
We would hail the bright morn after classical night.

—T. M. D.

## TO AN UNIMPRESSIONABLE YOUTH.

From *The Student* Oct. 19th, 1897.

Orlando, hast thou ne'er embraced

The glorious "feminine"?

Methinks thy life doth something lack  
Of essence all divine.

Hast thou ne'er known the blissful joys—

Ah! joys they are in sooth—

That lurk beneath the mistletoe?

What sayest thou good youth?

—TECHNITES (Master of Arts, Edin.)

## Arts College.

Y. M. C. A.

ON Oct. 29th Mr. M. Henderson gave an interesting paper on "The New Life," Eph. iv. 22-24. He emphasized the necessity of building up a Christ-like character. This he said can only be done by knowing Christ, not only historically, but as our personal and living Saviour.

On Nov. 5, Principal Grant favored us with an address in which he outlined the students' life at college. "The main object of our college life," he said, "is to study. Now in order to have a healthy mind we must have a healthy body; therefore the necessity of taking plenty of exercise, fresh air, and wholesome food. Yet the student must guard against spending too much time at athletics, college organizations, his books, or in society, but rather strike 'The golden mean,' and not sacrifice one side of his nature for the development of the other."

## YEAR MEETINGS.

'98.

The Senior Year met on Monday, Nov. 1st, for the transaction of business, the new president, J. F. Harvey, occupying the chair. In reply to a question regarding the statement made in the Arts Society concerning the voting at the year meeting of Oct. 18th, the president held that the voting was quite legal. Committees were appointed, one to interview city photographers about the class picture, and another to make a complete list of the members belonging to the year. The Senate's notice regarding academic caps was discussed. It was pointed out that the notice did not say that academic caps "must be worn" in the college, but that "none other than academic caps be worn," or, in plain language, the Senate requests that the student's head be uncovered while in the college. At the year meeting on Monday next, the Arts candidate for the presidency of the Alma Mater Society will be named.

'99.

A meeting of the Junior Year was held on Tuesday, Nov. 2nd, at 5 p.m. The report of the Programme committee was presented by Miss Millions. Speeches were made by the president and the other newly-elected officers. After Mr. Dempster, the critic, had given his report the meeting adjourned.

'00.

The year of 1900 held its regular meeting on the 4th inst. Mr. J. S. Shortt, M.A., of the JOURNAL staff, was a visitor and laid the claims of the college paper before the year. It is desirable that in two ways all of '00 should be loyal to this encyclopædia

of information, (1) by being subscribers, and (2) by contributing articles. The additions to the year since the re-opening of college now number twelve. The programme was as follows: An address, which was full of inspiration, by the newly-elected president, Mr. Geo. McCaughey; vocal solo, Mr. A. K. Scott; piano solo, Miss Johnston, who, being loudly applauded, gave a beautiful encore; oration by the year's famous orator, Mr. A. E. Hagar, and a very helpful but kind critic's report by Miss J. Shibley.

or.

The regular meeting of '01 was held on Wednesday, Nov. 3rd, at 5 p.m. After the transaction of some business a programme was rendered. Misses Shaw and Mundell gave an instrumental duet. The president delivered an address in the course of which he gave utterance to sentiments which it is hoped may prove to be the motto of the year, loyalty to Queen's, respect for professors, and diligence in study. The honorary president, Prof. Nicholson, was greeted with great applause. He thought that it was something new for a year to have an honorary president, but he remembered that this class belonged to the next century and so changes were to be expected from it. Most of the members took part in the programme, the poetess and the critic doing especially well.

## Divinity Hall.

### THE OPENING.

**D**IVINITY Hall was formally opened for the session on the evening of Monday, Nov. 8th.

The list of the winners of matriculation scholarships was read by Dr. Ross:

T. F. Heincy, David Strathern, \$80.

C. A. Ferguson, Dominion, \$70.

A. D. Patterson, Buchan No. 1, \$65.

D. L. Gordon, Buchan No. 2, \$60.

W. T. Prittie, Buchan No. 3, \$50.

N. M. Leckie, McIntyre, \$20.

Principal Grant then gave expression in the following words to the feeling of loss sustained by the University in the removal and death of John Cormack:

"Before calling on Mr. Carruthers to give the public inaugural address of the session, permit me, in the name of the University, to express our sense of the loss we have sustained by the death of Mr. John Cormack. We lost him in a sense when he retired after 35 years service to stay with his son in Ottawa; but as long as he lived he belonged to us, and indeed death has not taken away the immortal part of him, that memory which we cherish of loyal discharge of duty, 'without hasting, without resting,'

which made everyone feel that he was part and parcel of Queen's. To me he was invaluable. I felt no anxiety about the safety of the buildings when he was in charge. He was more careful of the property of the University than of his own. And in matters relating not only to his own duties, but even to such matters as the good order of the halls, I was accustomed to consult him, because his judgment was sound and his knowledge of the student body very remarkable. Few suspected his real worth because of his reticence. He belonged to the old school of quiet, calm, duty-doing men. May the new school not lose the old spirit. We extend our sincere sympathies to the bereaved family, and we congratulate them on having in his memory a possession above price."

Rev. Jas. Carruthers was then called upon to give the inaugural address, which appears elsewhere.

### NOTES.

Once more the members of Divinity Hall have gathered together from the four corners of the earth and their jolly songs awake the echoes around the halls again. We are glad to welcome a large class of freshmen, and we only regret that there were not scholarships to go all around. They bring a good deal of talent, especially along musical and athletic lines, of which we hope they are prepared to make a good use.

Some of our second and third year men have fallen by the way. S. A. Woods and W. A. Guy have become enamoured of western life and will remain on the prairies for the winter.

A. Walker is located on a mission field in the Presbytery of Kingston.

Geo. Lowe expects to be with us again after Christmas.

Divinity Hall does not seem the same without the presence of our old friend, F. A. McRae, the genial speaker of the House of Commons. He was with us for a few days, but returned home, as health would not permit his undertaking the session's work. We hope he will be with us again before long.

A meeting was held on Friday, Nov. 5th, to elect officers, and the following were chosen in each case unanimously: President, J. R. Conn; Secretary, R. Herbison; Treasurer, R. Young; Football Captain, D. T. Gordon; Precentor, W. A. McIlroy.

We hope something will be done soon to increase the temperature of the apologetics room.

The sacred associations of divinity and Divinity Hall have been ruthlessly broken, and now that class meets in the secular precincts of the English class-room. What next?

## Medical College.

### STUDENTS' NIGHT AT THE THEATRE.

**A**T last a students' night at the theatre, like they have in other university towns, has been accomplished at Queen's, and the credit of it belongs to medicine. The final year took the matter up, the other years fell in line, and so it was done.

Accordingly the 3rd instant, the night of Mr. James O'Neil's appearance here, was chosen, and at the appointed time over eighty "Meds," each carrying a fenur as the sign of his profession, and headed by Sheriff Huffman, who carried a banner upon which was painted the time-honored skull and cross bones, took possession of the balcony, which had been reserved for them. In the centre was H. H. Elliott, President of the Æsculapian Society, while on either side were the final and third years, with the remaining years in the second row.

In the boxes were the faculty, who were the guests of the students, and who were no doubt reminded of their own college days by the antics of the boys.

The time before the performance and between the acts were filled in with topical songs set to catchy airs, the "Faculty Song" of two years ago taking the best with the audience, who enjoyed the hits on the professors which it contained.

During the performance a handsome basket of flowers were presented to the leading lady and a box of cigars to Mr. O'Neil. The latter appeared before the curtain and made a felicitous reply.

Throughout the entire evening the best of order prevailed, and the "Meds" have good reason to be proud of their night at the theatre.

### ÆSCULAPIAN SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of this society was held on Friday, Oct. 29. Vice-President W. Moffatt, M.A., presided, and in a few words introduced the President-elect H. H. Elliott, who then took the chair amid much applause. The new President renewed the promises he had made before the election, saying that he would always be true to the best interest of the society. He then introduced the new Secretary, Mr. C. C. Armstrong, who made a short speech, followed by addresses from the other successful candidates who were present. After discussing several financial matters the meeting adjourned.

### NOTES.

J. F. Power, '00, will not enter college this session. He is teaching in the London Collegiate Institute.

The attention of the freshmen is called to the rules of the Concursus as posted up. They demand careful perusal, for they will be strictly enforced, and woe unto him who disregards them.

On Hallowe'en the third year serenaded Rev. A. W. Richardson. They came prepared with horns, bells, and a considerable display of fireworks, and made things lively in the vicinity of the reverend gentleman's residence. Afterwards they went inside, where they were presented to Mrs. Richardson, and a pleasant time was spent, the guests departing at a seasonable hour.

Messrs. Malone, Stewart, McCambridge and Hett have been appointed prosecutors of the chair of surgical anatomy.

## Ladies' Column.

### LEVANA SOCIETY.

**T**HE second regular meeting of this society was held Wednesday, Oct. 27th, and although many of the members were unavoidably unable to be present, the Levana room was very well filled and the meeting was very enjoyable. The treasurer gave a report of the receipts and expenditures during the few weeks previous. Everyone was delighted to hear the amount in the treasury, and bright visions arose of the Levana room as it will be in the near future.

The all-important question was what should we invest in first. It was decided that the greatest necessity was a covering for the floor. Miss Brown, Miss M. Boyd and Miss Malone were appointed a committee to measure the room and ascertain the cost of covering the floor with matting. It was thought that a pretty matting would be more serviceable and answer the purpose better than carpet. This committee will report at the next meeting.

The programme consisted of a recitation by Miss Jamieson, piano solo by Miss Kennedy, recitation by Miss Greenhill, and a piano solo by Miss Johnston. Each number was excellently rendered and they were all equally deserving of praise. In her report the critic spoke particularly of the splendid order during the meeting. She thought the order was just as it ought to be and hoped that it was an example of what it would always be in future.

The next meeting will be held Nov. 10th, and promises to be an interesting one. The Programme Committee are preparing a splendid programme and hope to see all the members there to enjoy it.

We are very sorry to hear that Miss McKay, who was with us last year, has decided not to attend this session. She will be very much missed, as she took a great interest in the Levana and was always ready to help in every way. Owing to her absence, it will be necessary at the next meeting to elect a new prophetess-historian, as well as a Levana editor for the JOURNAL, both of which offices were held by Miss McKay.

## Science Hall.

### TRIP UP THE RIDEAU.

AT 3 p.m. our boat left Swift's wharf and did not offer to stop until she reached Kingston Mills.

While she was climbing up to the basin, we all ran to have a look at the limestone, granite, and gneiss to be seen there. A warning toot from the whistle called us on board. Talk about moonlight excursions; ours was the best of the kind, and lasted till one a.m. Some of the fellows went to bed, but not to sleep. At an early hour all were astir. Breakfast over, we started for Adam's Lake, which we crossed in the yawl. After a short walk we found a fine deposit of perthite and secured samples. Here the party separated; those who wished to show off their walking powers went for a stroll of fifteen miles (Guy says it's fifty) with Prof. Miller; the others stayed with Prof. Nicol. Prof. Miller's party soon found barite, apatite, and then a muskeg in which several of the boys stuck fast. One more lucky than the rest, took a bath in the little stream which flows through the middle of the bog. When on the other side he waited for the next wet man, but the next man didn't fall off the log. Soon after this we reached the far-famed 2 IX, North Burgess, and the search began. Logan, in 1868, reported corundum in that lot, but no one else even saw any of it until our party re-discovered the mineral. Others found malachite, azurite, chalcocopyrite, and the far-famed "eozoon Canadensis" of Sir William Dawson. We steamed up and started for Newboro, where we lay till Saturday morning. On our way home we called at a deposit of titaniferous iron, a dyke of trap, and stopped for some time at Jones' Falls. We made our last halt at the sandstone quarries above Kingston Mills, where all secured specimens of the famous concretions found there. At 5.30 we were at Swift's wharf again, well pleased with our trip, and with enough to think about for the next two weeks.

BY THE WAY.

W. H. (Thursday night).—"There's a circus round the moon, and another round the deck."

Capt. to Jake—"Wake up, Jake; if I hadn't waked up we'd all have been asleep yet."

C. P. M.—"Well you are a Guy for walking around that lake."

G. C.—"Maybe I am, but I don't Merritt such talk as that from a man with sore feet."

T. L.—"Come on, boys, I'll show the faculty how to walk."

No. 1. C.—"So our new man is A. Lehman (layman)."

S.—"Yes, but he issues mandates like an archbishop."

### NOTES.

The School is in better shape than ever before.

The boys say that Prof. DeKalb is a success, even if he is afraid of the cold.

J. W. Wells is still unable to be out, but his ankle is almost sound again.

Some say the 3rd year in mining is the heaviest. The general opinion is, "The year in which I am is the heaviest."

Three trips have now been made by the professors and students; the first to Foxton mines, the second to the Smith and Lacy Mines, and the third up the Rideau.

## Personals.

WE are informed on reliable authority that new dignity has been added to our whilom brethren, K. J. Maedonald, W. W. Peck and E. C. Currie, since they now glory in the honorable title "papa."

Hugh Bryan, M.A., is teaching in Renfrew High School.

M. A., H. L., and G. A. McKinnon spent the summer in Scotland.

T. S. Scott, B.A., C.E., has gone to the Klondyke.

Toshi Ikehara, B.A., is paying Queen's a visit before leaving for Japan.

Rev. A. McKenzie, B.A., B.D., has accepted a call to Douglas, Ont.

A. D. Mackenzie, who has spent a year in the western prairie, is again round the halls.

J. S. Bernstein is at present in New York, and expects to finish his course extra-murally.

Rev. Jas. Carruthers, of N. S., is again with us taking the work of professor of elocution.

R. W. Brock, M.A., has been appointed to a good position on the Dominion Geological Survey.

J. C. Brown, M.A., R. C. McNab, B.A. ("Sporty"), and M. B. Tudhope, B.A., are in Osgoode Hall.

W. H. Easton, M.A., has been appointed principal of the Methodist College in B.C. Congratulations.

Rev. J. A. McDonald, B.A., recently resigned his charge at Whitney, and is shortly to enter a new sphere of work.

F. J. Pope, M.A., is in Germany, where Rev. R. Laird, M.A., and H. L. Wilson, M.A., Ph.D., also spent the summer.

W. A. Douglas, B.A., of Toronto, will address the A.M.S. at their meeting Nov. 13th, on "Harmonies and Antagonisms in the Social Forces."

## NORMAL COLLEGE ITEMS.

"Well McL-n-n, so you've found a room at last."  
McL-n-n—"Yes, struck a crack in the wall over on the corner of V—ave."

Fruit Vendor—"Grapes, nice ripe grapes!"  
B-r-l-n-q-t—"Hi there! How much a basket?"  
F. V.—"15c. sir, two for a quarter."

B t—"Well there are only two of us, I guess one basket will do us."

F. V. (as B. returns the basket)—"Would the Missus like some green tomatoes?"

By the latest arrangement of seats at the O.N.C. E. J. St-w-r-t is surrounded by ladies. "How do you like your new seat, Ernie?"

St-w-r-t—"—!! I'll have to shave every morning now."

At one of the numerous "Receptions." Queen's Grad.—"Yes, I'm from Queen's."

One of H—'s eligibles—"Oh, then you can give me an introduction to Mr. W-ls-n, the one with the beautiful hair and the lovely eyes."

Queen's students attending the Ontario Normal College :—

R. W. Anglin, R. W. Alcombrack, R. W. Asselstine, J. A. Bannister, A. H. Brown, H. S. Berlan-

quet, J. G. Cummings, J. H. Dolan, S. W. Matthews, A. L. McLennan, M. R. Reid, E. J. Stewart, J. A. Taylor, W. A. Wilson, Miss J. Cameron, Miss H. McPherson, Miss M. Russell, Miss V. B. Smith.

## De Nobis Nobilibus.

OUR professors in theology are the last persons from whom we would expect to hear any slang, but the Principal was heard to remark during his lecture a few days ago—"This is characteristic of *any old religion*."

T. W. G-dw-ll (who receives his belated razor through the P.O.)—"Somebody's going to get into a *scrape* soon."

Lady of Reception Comm. (who is pinning on bouquets at the Freshman Recep.)—"What kind of a flower would you like to have, Mr. Barker?"

Mr. B.—I think a white one would suit my complexion best.

J. F. M-l-l-r (in book store)—Have you an *Odyssey*?

Clerk—Homer's *Odyssey*?

J. F. M. (aside to chum)—"That's the author's name, isn't it?"

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